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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

My walk to Church.

Breathing the summer-scented air
Along the bowerly mountain way,
Each Lord's-day morning I repair
To serve my church, a mile away.

Below, the glorious river lies—
A bright, broad breasted, sylvan sea—
And round the sumptuous highlands rise,
Fair as the hills of Gallie.

Young flowers are in my path. I hear
Music of unrecorded tone,
The heart of beauty beats so near,
Its pulses modulate my own.

The shadow on the meadow's breast
Is not more calm than my repose
As, step by step, I am the guest
Of every living thing that grows.

Ah, something melts along the sky,
And something rises from the ground,
And fills the inner ear and eye
Beyond the sense of sight and sound.

It is not that I strive to see
What love in lovely shapes has wrought—
Its gracious messages to me
Come, like the gentle dews, unsought.

I merely walk with open heart.
Which feels the secret in the sign;
But oh, how large and rich my part
In all that makes the feast divine!

Sometimes I hear the happy birds
That sang to Christ before the sea,
And softly his consoling words
Blend with their joyous minstrelsy.

Sometimes in royal vesture glow
The lilies that he called so fair,
Which never told nor spin, yet show
The loving Father's tender care.

And then along the fragrant hills
A radiant presence seems to move,
And earth grows fairer as it fills
The very air I breathe with love.

And now I see one perfect face,
And hastening to my church's door,
I find him within the holy place
Who, all my way, went on before.
—Horatio Nelson Powers, in *Harper's* for August.

STORY TELLER.

CAPT. BODEN.

Lying on a shelf above the roll top desk in the office of a South Street merchant with a lot of letter and bill files, etc., on each side of it, is a bound volume of the *London Mercantile Magazine*. A slip of red ribbon serves as a book-mark in it. It is not customary for merchants to keep old magazines among their papers, and a friend of the merchant asked him yesterday if there was any special reason for doing so.

"Yes," said the merchant, "it contains a reference to my first voyage to sea. Besides, I like to show it to Capt. Boden when he comes in to see me. Capt. Boden is a prosperous Long Island farmer now, living near Northport, but twenty years ago he was the master of the New Haven schooner Pandora. I was a lad of sixteen then, and made my first sea voyage in the Pandora. So the captain and I are old friends.

By the time the merchant had got rid of the dust on the outside of the magazine, and had opened it at the book mark. On one page, in black faced type, was the heading, "Rewards and Testimonials," beneath which was the statement that her British majesty and the board of trade had awarded various articles as prizes to sailor men for humanity and bravery, as stated in the paragraphs following. One of these paragraphs had a black pencil mark around it. It was as follows:

"To Capt. Isaac Boden, of the schooner Pandora of New Haven, U. S., a gold chronometer in acknowledgment of his humanity to the master and crew of the brig Fannie Douglas, of Nassau, N. P., whom he rescued from their vessel on June 27."

"The entire crew of the Pandora," continued the merchant, "were Northport citizens, neighbors and friends, you may say, at home and at sea as well. The mate, Ezekel Norton, was the captain's brother-in-law; both men owned shares in the schooner, and both were good seamen. The second mate, Daniel Clement, who was about fifteen years older than either, was acknowledged to be the best sailorman hailing from Northport. That he was a second mate, instead of a captain, was due solely to his taste for liquor.

"With such a crew as this it is not surprising that discipline was somewhat lax. Man o' war discipline never yet got over the rail of a coasting schooner so far as I know, but I rather think that we had more slack rope to ours than is generally found even in the coasting trade. In spite of this, however, the men had a sailor pride in the craft, and it was not too much to say that the Pandora was handled and cared for as well as any vessel in the trade.

"We were on the return trip from New Orleans for Fall River with cotton, and had just brought Hatteras aboard when there came a piping gale out of the northwest that liked to have ended us then and there. The wind came in a squall, and we lost the maintopmast while taking in the flying jib and foretopsail. Then we hauled down the jib and lowered the foresail on deck in a hurry, after which, finding the wind increasing constantly, we close reefed the foresail and furlled the rest of the canvas, and so lay to and let her drift. Of course we got the wreck cleared away as soon as we had snugged her.

"Well, the Pandora was a good sea boat, and after drifting for three days and losing nearly one hundred miles, the storm blew itself out and settled into a westerly wind that promised to make up partly for what we had lost. We were all animation in getting the canvas on her again to take advantage of the breeze, the more so as she had had a much slower passage up to the time the storm came on than usual, on account of light winds. As soon as we got the sails set Mr. Clement and one of the men began blocking out a new topmast from a spruce log that we had carried for such an emergency. Clement was a good ship's carpenter, and had saved the Pandora a great many dollars for minor repairs.

"While at work at this, and somewhere about ten o'clock in the morning, the man at the wheel saw a wreck a long way off to leeward. It was plainly a brig, for, although both topmasts and the bowsprit were gone, the lower masts remained. When the wreck was reported Capt. Boden came on deck and took a long look at her through the glass.

"She's British," he said, pretty soon.

"See anybody on her?" asked Mr. Norton.

"Not a soul. Take a look at her yourself."

"I'm mighty glad of that," said Mr. Norton, taking the glasses. "We'd lose half a day of this wind if we had to run down there."

"With that Mr. Clement got rid of a large chew of tobacco, and said with emphasis:

"If we had to run down to her! Ain't ye going to run down anyhow? Mr. Clement had been twice picked off of floating wrecks like the one we were looking at, and each time it was after seeing a number of vessels pass very close to windward without paying any attention to the wreck. He was sensitive on the subject, naturally. No one made any reply to his question. After looking the wreck over, Mr. Norton said:

"British she is, for sure. The squall must have caught her all standing. It blowed the canvas clean out of her. I can't see enough flapping about her for a dishrag except that piece of the spanker, at the end of the gaff. There's nobody aboard of her, for there isn't any sort of a signal to be seen for nor aft."

"Mr. Clement snorted rather than said: "Give me the glasses."

"One glance was enough for him.

"There's nothing like shares in the vessel to blind the eyes of a skipper," he said. "Piece of the spanker, eh? At the end of the gaff, eh? Can't see no signals, eh? Don't know no difference between tarpaulins and the end of a gaff for signals and a piece of a spanker, eh? Don't want to see any signals, do ye? Some folks are mean enough to leave their own mothers on a wreck rather than lose a capful of wind."

"The more Mr. Clement said the more excited he got, and from what I have repeated he went on to worse, until the captain got so rolled over the taunts of the man that he hauled off and knocked him down. But he did not stay down; he was on his feet again in an instant and grabbed for a pump brake in a rack at the mainmast. A pump brake is a mighty handy weapon. It is usually made of ash, and is about thirty inches long and two inches thick at the biggest end. Capt. Boden grabbed a brake at the same time. Unfortunately, Mr. Clement tried to pull it out the wrong way and the captain got ahead of him, whereupon Mr. Clement expecting a blow, jumped back and drew a sheath knife, and asserted that a captain who would leave sailors to die on a wreck for the sake of saving a dollar or two was a cowardly dog and deserved to die, and die he should if he came a step nearer with that pump brake. Then Mr. Norton took a hand in to subdue the wrathful second mate.

"Now by this time the wreck was

pretty well abeam, and her broken spars were plainly visible, but her hull was so low in the water that nothing on deck could be seen. Our men could see the piece of a spanker (for such it proved to be, and not a tarpaulin, as Mr. Clement said), but they believed it to be a tarpaulin, and that it was a signal of distress. So when Mr. Norton started in with the captain to club the second mate into submission, three or four of them interfered. One of them remarked that if the Christians wouldn't do their duty toward distressed fellow beings' it's about time for the devil to make 'em do it. The captain was a deacon in the Methodist church at Northport, and this made him wince. He began to think, too, what his neighbors would say when the story of a wreck being past in that way got around, and turning to the man at the wheel he ordered him to put it up. Then the sheets were eased off, and we were soon running down to the brig. That ended the fight.

"In less than half an hour the captain, who was looking at her from the topgallant forecastle, began to get excited. He was a warm hearted man and was as eager to make a rescue as any one when a rescue was to be made.

"There they are, there they are," he said. "No wonder we saw no signals. They're all under the fog-lant forecastle, and the stern's breaking all up. The water's making a clean breach across amidships. One, two, three—there's five of 'em all huddled together, and not one able to stand up, I'll warrant ye. Clear away the boat."

"There was a rush aft by all hands and the boat was soon ready. Then we waited to get near enough to drop it. Every body wanted to go in, and there was almost another fight to see who should have the privilege. But the captain, who was a master hand with an oar, said that he would steer and Mr. Clement and two others only should go along, and it was settled that way, though much to Mr. Norton's dissatisfaction.

"Ranging close up to windward of the wreck, our yawl was eventually dropped into the sea, and was soon under the lee of the wreck, in spite of the cross sea that was still running and in spite of a lot of the brig's cargo of timber that was floating about. Here Mr. Clement and the captain boarded the wreck, and after a lot of labor, got the five men into the yawl.

"Meantime we had run the schooner as close under the lee of the wreck as we dared to do, and so the yawl rowed down to us, and we took them all aboard. The five were all that remained of a crew of fourteen, the rest having been lost when the masts went over the side. The saved included the captain, the first mate, the cook and two men.

"Off Sandy Hook, about fifty miles, we transferred the wrecked crew to a pilot boat bound in. When we reached Fall River we found the papers had been full of the story of our rescue of those five men. We were all mentioned by name, and the fact that the captain himself had taken the steering oar of the yawl was made much of. Captains, you know, seldom do such a thing as make a rescue personally. The captain of the brig, in his gratitude, had really exaggerated the danger we ran.

"Of course the British consul was told all about it, and he wrote a letter to Capt. Boden, thanking him heartily and the crew as well, and saying that the case would be laid before her majesty the queen. The outcome of it all was that instead of the gift of binoculars which her majesty usually makes in such cases Capt. Boden got a gold chronometer.

"All this time, of course, nothing was said about Capt. Boden having been forced into running down to look at the wreck. There was not a man on board who would breathe a word about it to another in the forecastle, let alone blab it about Northport. The papers said that when Capt. Boden was called into the Maritime Exchange one day about six months later and found himself before the British consul and more than a hundred brokers, who were cheering him with characteristic enthusiasm, he broke down entirely, and couldn't say or do anything but rub his eyes with the back of his hand, as if he was trying to get a better sight at something. So they had to put the box holding his chronometer into his pocket for him.

"As I said at the beginning, Mr. Clement was in no way thrifty, having too much a liking for liquor. But

he had a smart wife, who, by dint of hard work at whatever offered among the people of Northport, had managed to buy and partly pay for a neat cottage, with half an acre of ground facing the bay, and in the southerly outskirts of the village. But the mortgage of something over three hundred dollars, with the interest, troubled her greatly. I happened to be in the house the next morning after Captain Boden got the chronometer, and she was just saying she wished the queen had given him the money value instead, for then the captain would have been man enough to divide with the crew, when in walked the captain himself, without knocking. The captain was plainly excited.

"Why, captain," said Mrs. Clement, "what's the matter? Is Sarah or any child sick?"

"No, no," said the captain, as he fumbled for a big envelope. "No, we're all as well's common. Here's a letter for ye. I reckon it's from the queen of England, and if you'll ask Dan about it, he'll tell ye."

"Then he went out and slammed the door. The letter was a release of the mortgage on the house. The captain knew that Mr. Clement was due the credit of the rescue of the crew of the brig, and while he could not refuse to take the gold chronometer, he was determined that the Clements should have more than the value of the present."—*New York Sun*.

WORK OF A CLERGYMAN.

ONE OF THE CLOTH CHATS A WHILE ON THE SUBJECT.

The central figure was a prominent clergyman of New York. His pleasant face was seamed with the lines of thought, while his pen scratching rapidly over the paper was laying the framework of one of those brainy, vigorous sermons which have been so often reported. Looking up and observing a visitor, whom he had been too busy to notice before, he courteously motioned him to a seat and proceeded to the completion of his task.

"You catch me in a busy time," he said, pleasantly, as the pen ceased moving and he threw himself back in the chair with an air of relief. "The general public seems to be under the impression that we ministers have nothing to do but to laugh and grow stout, preach a sermon or two and enjoy the good things of this world," said the clergyman. "This idea, strange to say, is shared by some members of our own congregations, who, if they took the interest in the church they should, would soon learn to know better.

"Not long ago I was accosted as I came out of my study one morning by an old parishioner of mine with the remark, 'Ah, how do you do? What do you expect to find to do that will enable you to kill the time between now and next Sunday?' "This, I am sorry to say, expresses the idea formed by the masses of a clergyman's life. Idle? No, indeed, we are not. I have been in both the business and Christian world for over twenty-five years, and I never worked so hard in my life as I have since I became a minister.

A CLERGYMAN'S WORK.

"The world of laborers and mechanics are crying out for less hours, yet we work from fourteen to nineteen hours a day, Sundays included. To be sure, there is a certain advantage in our business—for such I must term it—in the fact of its not being monotonous. We generally try spending our mornings in our studies, but we are subject to so many interruptions that I do my best thinking and almost all my writing after 9 p.m., and have for nearly twenty years. We are public men, the servants of the people, and should be at their disposal at any hour of the day or night. I have always made myself easy of access, and hold myself in readiness to extend sympathy or do good where good can be done. We are subject to sudden calls for funerals, baptisms, weddings and sick calls, and are expected to lend an ear to the wail of sorrow from whomever it may come.

"As a minister you are justly expected to give consolation. To do this you must give the matter your undivided attention. Then comes the preparation of our sermons. This necessarily takes time, and a great deal of it. It takes thought and study to enable a clergyman to present to his congregation Sunday after Sunday and year after year thoughts that will reach their hearts, and preach sermons which will not pall upon them and do more harm than good by turning them from

the church with a feeling akin to disgust at the minister's poverty of expression or meagerness of thought.

"What time I can get from my sick calls and other drains upon my time I devote to study, but I have not an idle moment, and have no opportunity for social calls whatever. My method of making a sermon is this: In the first place I settle on a theme early in the week, read about it, investigate it and think about it until the inspiration seizes me to write, and then it is my habit to write it at one sitting. It is done by simply letting my thoughts accumulate. Everything a man reads, sees and thinks about in his life and travels is held by the cumulative power which stores up ideas. There are occasions when a sermon comes like a flash and is seen from beginning to end by pure inspiration, and some of the best sermons I ever preached have come in that way, suggested by something I had seen or somebody had said."

VITAL TO SUCCESS.

"Are these studies all retrospective, dealing entirely with the traditions of the past?" "They should not be, but I regret to say that in some cases they are, and this accounts for the failure some men make as ministers of the Gospel. They seem to forget that the world is progressing, that every year the people to whom they preach are becoming better informed on all subjects; that the minds of the young, like sponges, are absorbing all the knowledge they can, and that each generation is becoming better informed than the last. These points are vital to the success of a clergyman. He must not only keep abreast of the times, but, if possible, in advance of them, as a school teacher must be ahead of his class. Once let your congregation pass you in this education, so that they look down upon you from the height of their superior knowledge, and your usefulness is destroyed. The narrowness of your views is at once detected by their better trained intellects, and the truths you may tell them lose their value. A congregation looks to their ministers for their guidance and for help, and it is folly for the blind to lead those who can see or the weak to assist the strong.

"Not only that, but how is a minister going to preach a telling sermon on the wrongs existing in the world unless he reads about them, hears them or sees them? The reading a minister is obliged to do in this day to keep track of these things and watch the world is prodigious. The reviews, magazines and new books, to say nothing of the literature of the past, of which you spoke, that a minister must necessarily read what would take all the time of an ordinary man. I read history in its broadest sense. I read every thing pertaining to the world of all nations, secular and religious. I do not think a man's heart can be enlarged or his sympathies be where they ought to be unless he becomes acquainted with the affairs of this vast universe, to all of which he can well apply the Scriptures, and find in each incident a confirmation of the Word of God. To do this requires a student and a thinker, and a thinking man can never be an idle one. We often work the hardest when to outsiders we seem idle."—*New York Tribune*.

Curiosities of Vegetable Growth.

It is a singular and as yet unexplained fact that in certain species of stones supposed to be formed and deposited in their tissues from the silicious and calcareous juices circulating in their organisms. Thus, in the bamboo, a round stone is found at the joints of the cane called "tabasheer." Another curiosity of the sort is the cocoanut stone, found in the endosperm of the cocoanut in Java and other East Indian islands. Dr. Kimmins describes it as a pure carbonate of lime. It is sometimes round, sometimes pear-shaped, while the appearance is that of a white pearl without much luster. Some of the stones are as large as cherries and as hard as flint-spar or opal. They are very rare and are regarded as precious stones by the orientals and charms against disease or evil spirits by the natives. Stones of this kind are sometimes found in the pomegranate and other East India fruits. Apatite has been discovered in the midst of teak wood.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

In the Giddy Whirl.

Some men look upon walking as a wasting time, but they manage to squeeze some enjoyment out of it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The "Upset" Canoe Race.

There is one event in every race regatta that amuses the lady spectator—the "upset" race. The sailing races may be tiresome, and devoid of interest through lack of wind. The paddling races may be exciting; but for pure fun the upset race is sure to carry off the palm. It is, to begin with, a short race, of about two hundred feet. The canoes are started just as in paddling races, and when well under way, a signal is given from shore, at which every paddler must immediately capsize his canoe, turn it completely over, regain his seat, and paddle to the finish. The overturning of the whole fleet of canoes at the same instant is a novel and ludicrous sight, and the struggles of the paddlers to crawl over the sides of the canoes, without again upsetting them, are very funny to watch.

These races have produced more skill in handling the canoe under difficulties than any other event. The contestants must be good swimmers and strong. They must be active and thoroughly accustomed to the water, and must have a practical knowledge of balance. If an "upset" or "man overboard" event should be added to rowing regattas, it might go far toward reducing the annual number of accidents and fatalities from this fine sport. The fun comes in at a canoe "upset" race mainly from the entire absence of danger. Risk is lacking simply, because the men who compete are all skillful hands. The training is invaluable to the canoeists, and it has prevented many an accident by giving the paddlers confidence in the canoes and themselves, when accidentally placed in trying circumstances.—*Outing*.

Slept with a Bear.

It hardly seems credible that a child should meet with a bear in the woods, nestle close to its warm robe of fur and sleep all night with bruin and not be harmed at all. On Wednesday afternoon last, a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Millard Davis, of Boiceville, in the Catskill Mountains, disappeared, and no trace of her could be found, although searching parties were out all night. On Thursday, a man who was fishing for trout discovered the little girl standing in the middle of a brook that runs through a deep ravine between two mountains. She had wandered over two miles away from home. The parents were overjoyed on recovering their little one. And now comes the strange part of the incident. The little girl has never been known to tell stories, and, in fact, is too young and innocent to practise deceit. When her father asked her where she had slept all night, the little one answered: "In the woods with a big bear, papa." She was closely questioned, but the child closely adhered to her story that she had slept with a bear in the woods, and people in Boiceville believe that the little girl did really meet with a bear and not knowing what it was went up to it, and for some reason the bear refrained from hurting the wanderer. There are other people who believe the bear came out of the mountains to the vicinity of Mr. Davis' house, and the child, seeing the shaggy brute, ran after it, and followed it to the ravine.—*Kingston Freeman*.

The Pastime of Theft.

The sport of thieving, in its various forms, is the most irresistible of all pastimes, writes the late Chief Cockburn in his reminiscences. What have the moors equal to it? No license to pay for, no permission to ask, no close time, total idleness, great risk, frequent success, constant excitement, a community of their own, the whole public their preserve, the delight of eluding the law, and the many chances of escape even after being caught trespassing. If anything could be required to whet their appetite for this game, it would be its contrast with the dullness of a good prison recently left. I hope I'm wrong, but if there be a thoroughly reformed twice convicted thief, I would rather pay a shilling to see him than to see any other wonder in any living show.—*Home Journal*.

Had other Property.

An assessor, endeavoring to ascertain the value of a church property in Virginia, asked its value. "Forty dollars," was the reply. "Has the church any other property?" was the next question, and the answer was: "Yes, a pitcher and a tin cup."—*Chicago Herald*.

Don't Get Shabby.

There is plenty of sweetness and light in life, if we only look for it in the right places. A Boston man on his way to town after spending Sunday with a friend in the suburbs remarked to his companion: "What perplexes me about these suburban people is the universal shabbiness of the men and the bright, neat appearance of the women. Look at this great train-load trooping down the station. Scarcely a man in the lot but is decidedly shabby in his clothes. I can't account for it, because they are mostly well-to-do people beyond a doubt." "That's it," said his host, "they are getting to be well-to-do people, and most of them have gone to the country to keep their families in better style. They are the sort of men who care a great deal more for their families than they do for their own comfort and convenience; that is the reason they have gone into the suburbs to live. So they have fallen into the habit of stinting themselves for the sake of their families, and going about shabbily dressed. Some of them have got rich, but the shabby habit sticks to them." The man who will wear shabby clothes and put up with discomfort while he is providing pleasure and happiness for his wife and little ones, and laying up the store which shall benefit them all by and by, has a true and noble heart; no doubt of that. At the same time he ought to remember that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," that it costs no more to be neat and clean than to go dirty and appear repulsively shabby, and that to be decently dressed and cleanly is a duty he owes to his family, who must suffer in reputation from his carelessness and neglect in this regard.

Honest Little Cash Registers.

Cash registers, so called, are by no means a new thing, but the latest style of register is a perfect marvel. It registers the amount of the purchase, indicates the amount to the clerk or cashier as well as to the customer; opens the drawer ready for making the change, rings a bell to give the alarm and adds the amount registered to the amount of all former registrations. All this is accomplished by a single depression of one key. This little machine is perfectly honest and makes no mistakes. It detects carelessness whether it is on the part of the employers or employees. When the day's work is done the machine has all the cash added up, so that it can be seen at a glance what amount of money should be found in the drawer. Or if at noon, or at any other time in the day, the proprietor wishes to find out how much business has been done, it is not a minute's work to find out with the machine, which is provided with a secret lock, to prevent the possibility of any one altering the figures or tampering with the mechanism.

The machine can be ready for a day's work and set for another day's work in less than two minutes. The clerk may lock his machine so that no person can tamper with it and so that the clerk himself cannot interfere with the registering mechanism. The proprietor, if he chooses, may, in a moment, set the mechanism so that no registration can be made without opening the drawer each time.—*New York Mail and Express*.

Superiority of Canadian Tea.

Our scientific editor has been at a 5 o'clock Labrador tea. The beverage was a success—rated by some as superior to China teas. It was prepared simply as follows: Leaves of the present season. Boiling water poured on, and kept covered for about twenty minutes; kept nearly to boiling point—but not allowed to boil. Sweetened with refined sugar. Cream or milk added. The dried leaf of *Ledum latifolium* could be put on the market, allowing the widest margin, at ten cents per pound.—*Educational Review*.

To Prove His Case.

An Augusta, Me., boy brought the family Bible with him to a circus which was exhibiting in the town in order to prove that he was young enough to go in at half price.—*New York Tribune*.

The ancients believed in a square world. Moderns have learned the reverse by sad experiences.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald*.

NEW YORK.

Here's a Pretty How DeDo.

THE FANWOOD SOCIAL CLUB'S ELECTION.

A Few Notes of Interest.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Less than six months ago, the members of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union were in high feather over the prospect of having in the near future a club room that would be second to none of any other deaf-mute organization in the country.

To further this end, they invested over eighty dollars in securing a suite of club room furniture, and an extra outlay of forty-five dollars in gas fixtures, etc. With this as a beginning, it was decided by degrees the room would be further enhanced in attractiveness and comfort by the aid of the surplus cash in the Union's treasury.

Everything has its disappointment, and so too, the hope of the members. They find themselves at present without either club room or furniture, though their determination to keep together is as strong as it ever has been.

The loss of the club room is accounted for by the fact that a change has taken place in the Mission House on East 14th Street.

The authorities finding the expenses too cumbersome, decided it would be more profitable to transfer Father Belanger and his work to the De La Salle Institute, on 59th Street and Sixth Avenue.

This change went into effect last week. The Mission House is now under the management of the ladies, who conduct the educational department of the St. Joseph's Institute at Throgg's Neck (for girls) and Westchester (boys). The Mission House will hereafter be used as a home for young deaf-mute women, who have no one to care for them. If possible positions will be obtained for them as dressmakers, etc., or if they fail in this, they will be given sewing to do at the Home. A small amount is expected of those able to pay for their board, and altogether it is a project worthy the success hoped for by its originators.

The Union left its quarters last Thursday evening, having first disposed of its furniture and other articles at prices largely below the original figures they cost. Where they will meet hereafter is not yet known, but that they will disband is improbable, though there may be a change in the object and name of the organization.

Last Saturday evening, the Fanwood Social Club met at its headquarters on East 8th Street, and proceeded to business with a vim that spoke volumes for its future greatness.

The big and manly form of President J. C. Reilly occupied the chair, and when he struck his gavel on the desk in front of him, an ominous silence at once prevailed, which was followed by his call to "order."

The business of the evening was the nomination and election of new officers. Amid the excitement, the following was the ticket elected: Paul Rosenacker, President; Andy McDonald, First Vice-President; Jimmy Lonergan, Second Vice-President; A. Reiningar, Secretary; A. Hanneman, Financial Secretary; J. Wago, Treasurer; and J. Conlin, Sergeant-at-Arms. Addresses were made by both the retiring and newly-elected officers. A Committee to secure a hall for the Club's grand ball in January was appointed, and after a little further preliminary business had been dispatched, a few outsiders were admitted, and a general good time had until a late hour. The Hall Committee is made up of J. C. Reilly, Chairman, H. Kircher, Wm. McVea, M. Hanneman and J. Rogan.

Messrs. Tillman, Moses Hanneman and Lou Morris were admitted members.

The firm of O'Brien & Lounsbury, Job Printers, is no more, at least so far as the former gentleman is concerned. It was on the 14th that the dissolution occurred. Mr. Fred. Frankenheim was the lucky purchaser of Mr. O'Brien's share in the concern. His entering the office will add greatly to the stock of material. A new cutter and an extra press is to be secured. The work will continue to be first class at moderate prices, and to make a long story short, the firm will be known as Lounsbury & Co.

Vacation seekers after pleasure are returning home every day, until at present, we are about the same as before the summer began. The latest to return was Miss Caddie B. Felow, looking hale and hearty, after her three weeks' stay in Winsted. She had a most enjoyable time, fishing, rowing, riding and mountain climbing.

Mr. J. P. Donohue, in a letter to a friend, appears to say the least to be having an immense time in the wilds of New Haven. R. D. Livingstone et al. are his co-workers in painting the town red.

The following handed us by Mr. E. J. Adams, a colored deaf-mute, speaks for itself. From what we have seen of Mr. Adams, we believe him to be a perfect and intelligent gentleman,

and any one seeking to defame his character, should be dealt with as only busybodies and gossipers are:

"I wish to correct a report that is being circulated among my friends, by persons who seem to take a delight in making assertions that are extremely damaging to the character and reputation of him to whom these assertions are directed. (I'll not mention the names, thus do them a greater kindness than they have done me.) I have been seriously injured by the circulation of a report that I was expelled from the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C. This is absolutely and positively false, as the President and Faculty of said College would affirm on seeing this in the columns of your valuable paper, and if questioned, President Gallaudet or any other member of the Faculty would deny that I was expelled. I left College because circumstances would not permit my remaining longer. I'll admit, and extremely deny that such was the case, that I had done something that brought a 'warning' from the Faculty, thus reducing my examination marks 10 per cent, and because it happened that I left College almost immediately, it gave rise to the belief that I was expelled. Kindly insert this in your paper for me. It would correct a rumor or report that is extremely damaging to my reputation."

A baseball match between two nines, composed of pupils and graduates of the Lexington Avenue School, drew a crowd of almost one thousand at the ball grounds in Central Park last Saturday afternoon.

The photos of the Rochester Convention have been received, and are being shown around by the New Yorkers who were present.

Congratulations, "Hypo." May Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pach live to see and enjoy many anniversaries of the event which occurred on the 19th.

MONTAQUE TIGG.
New York, Sept. 17, 1888.

SOUTHERN KANSAS.

Mr. Harry Reed, an *alumnus* of the National Deaf-Mute College for the summer months, has made a prolonged excursion in Wisconsin for his health, but recently went back to the Olathe Institution, to take up his duty as teacher there.

A few days after, Master Cassner, when returning home from the Olathe Institution, was run over on the San Francisco & St. Louis Railroad, and died in two hours.

Herbert L. Johnson, of Kansas City, Mo., contemplates making a jaunt in Southern Kansas for the sports of the field, this month.

The classmates of E. W. Brown say he must "live in a mole's hole," because they have never heard from him. Well, he has come out of that hollow, and now sports with life in the field-sports at Industry, Kan.

Miss Ida Williams, supervisor of the Olathe Institution, will be joined in marriage to Mr. B. O. Sprague, a teacher there, previous to the opening of that school.

James Metty, a successful clerk of the Adams Express Company, in Abouardale, Fla., is hopeful to "take in," our "Garden of the West" this fall.

It is stated that Charles Clason, of Jewell City, will be affianced to Miss Evans, of Beloit, in the last part of this month. They were former pupils of the Olathe School.

Clayton Candry, of Cherryville, is at present at Fort Scott, whither he has acquired a position as copyist of the abstract of list.

Miss Annie Gragg, once of the Olathe School, and a mute gentleman, both of Topeka, have contracted matrimony. The scribe fails to remember the groom's name.

This month Edw. Rinigle, of Cherryville, will stop with us a space on the way to Kansas City, Mo., in search of work as cabinet-maker.

Des. Hall has been "picked out" as sexton of the Methodist Church, because he is a good and honest man.

Misses Minnie Strickler and Nina Hatcher expect to spend the winter in Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Huff, of Kansas City, Mo., is talking of visiting Neodesha.

Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Surber, of La Fontaine, will rent Des. Hall's house, in Neodesha, Kan., this month.

SOUTHERN BOY.

Bridgeport, Ct.

Mr. Jonathan B. Marsh and wife came from Bristol to this city, last Wednesday, to hold a reunion for his namesake. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Beers, until Saturday, when they returned home. They made calls on several mute families, among them being Miss Clarissa Johnson, who went to school with them under Principals Gallaudet and Weld.

The Bridgeport Deaf-Mute Mission meets at St. Paul's Church, at half past two o'clock, on Sunday afternoon. Miss Edith H. Marshall, at the end of the Asylum term, went to make several calls on her friends in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont for eight weeks, and returned home, where she will stay with her parents.

Mr. John Muth is out of town visiting friends for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Beers and son were at Glen Island, last Tuesday, and were disappointed in not meeting Mrs. Frank Roberts there.

The seven-year-old son, of Mr. Henry W. Avers, formerly of Bridgeport, but now of Norwalk, Ct., was run over by a freight train, but escaped serious injury.

Charles Park, a mute tramp, is in Bridgeport. He says that he was educated at the Turtle Creek School, and hails from Towanada, Penn.

Mr. W. H. Fosmire has been unable to return to his "case" at Frank Leslie's in New York City on account of a broken knee. He secured a vacation of three weeks and went to Saratoga Springs, and it was there that the mishap occurred. He will retain his place, however.

BOSTON.

Pain's Pompeii.

THE OPENING SEASON.

Increased Activity in Ephphatha Club and Gallaudet Society.

OTHER GLEANINGS.

(From our Boston Correspondent.)

Pain's great pyrotechnic spectacle, "The Last Days of Pompeii," was shown in the amphitheatre on Huntington Avenue, for the last time last evening. The place was filled by one of the largest audiences which has ever attended the exhibition, and the season closed in a highly successful manner. A fine portrait of President Cleveland in fire and the fountain of flame were features of the firework display, which followed the spectacle. The success of these exhibitions here has been so great that they will, no doubt, be repeated, next summer. Messrs. Dockharty, Keating, Duran and "Mayflower" and his wife, enjoyed witnessing the spectacle very much, and it was the eighth visit Mr. Duran made to the beautiful exhibition. The history of the last days of Pompeii is very interesting. Your correspondent has the pleasure of quoting as follows of the magnificent spectacle:

"Those who wish to form an idea of the busy life of ancient Pompeii must turn to the glowing pages of Lord Lytton's immortal novel, 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' But in order to better understand the spectacle which we produce, it will be well for the spectator to imagine that, as he sits facing the gigantic panorama of the once fair city, which was the chosen residence of Pliny, he is himself an ancient Pompeian, invited to witness the festival held there annually in honor of the goddess Isis, whose temple, as already said, faces him. The day has been beautiful and serene, and only slight clouds of smoke arise from the crater of the volcano. Arbaces, a rich Egyptian, in whose house the architecture of the land of Isis and Cleopatra, bathes its marble steps in the water to the right, has assumed by reason of his great wealth a leading and most influential position in Pompeii, and has chosen the feast day of the great Egyptian goddess, in order to dazzle not only the eyes of the fair Neapolitan, Ione, with whom he is desperately in love with a display of his wealth and power, but also those of his fellow-citizens.

As the performance begins, the streets fill with 'the people,' the populace who arrive singly and in groups, in order to secure seats to witness the processions and festivities. Husbands and wives and little children mingle with flower-girls, refreshment-vendors and priests, whilst lads and lassies eagerly press about in search of places which command the best views of the pageant. Presently a trumpet is heard, and at the same time small flower-decked barges pass across the ornamental lake, and the prows of the galleys make their appearance, as from under the triumphal arches a group of soldiers, with standards and musical instruments, emerge and announce the coming of Arbaces. The soldiers are followed by negro slaves, holding up inscriptions and bannerets in honor of the powerful Egyptian. Next come priests in white robes; then a number of dancing girls and a senator, or member from Pompeii, with his attendants; next some ladies, and lastly a guard of honor in front of Arbaces, who, clad in purple and gold walks under a canopy.

This procession crosses the stage and bows to the officials of the city, who sit under a canopy to the right in a building overlooking the water. The procession then turns to the left, and part of it, including Arbaces, passes down the steps to the water's edge to await the arrival of the galleys, which now enter full in view. They advance gradually and from the first alight soldiers and slaves, from the second Ione and her affianced bridegroom, the Greek, Glaucus. Arbaces receives Ione with profound obeisance, but barely condescends to notice Glaucus, thereby indicating his jealousy and dislike. The procession reforms, and the guests take position under the portico of Arbaces' house.

The games now commence, consisting of racing, dancing flower-girls, drill of the Roman guards, etc. Upon a signal of a blast of trumpets, the doors of the temple Isis are thrown open and the temple's illuminated interior is discovered. The priests in white garments and the priestesses in white, dark and blue robes, issue solemnly, bearing aloft the golden image of the Egyptian goddess, which they place in the center of the stage. All kneel for a moment and Nydia, the blind girl, appears and dances gracefully. Suddenly, Arbaces cries out, 'If there be Christians present, and known to any of you, let them be denounced and brought forward to adore the great goddess Isis.' The people in return cry out, 'Glaucus is a Christian; let him worship the goddess or death be unto him.'

Ione, upon hearing these cries, and knowing her affianced husband to be secretly a Christian, rises in terror, but Glaucus boldly descends, and, sword in hand, advances toward the idol, which now appears to glow with internal fire. Vesuvius also begins to show signs of an approaching eruption.

Glaucus is about to strike the goddess, when the blind Nydia, guessing his intention, and guided by his voice prevents him and rushing toward the goddess, herself overturns the tripod which stands at the idol's feet. All arise in confusion, the earth quakes, the dread mountain vomits forth flames and clouds of smoke; the temple columns totter and fall, and the people, forgetting Isis and her priests, remember only their danger. Glaucus seizes Ione, and with Nydia clinging to them, they manage to enter a boat and are seen, amidst the flashes of lightning and the glow from the torrents of flaming lava, escaping across the water from the doomed city. Arbaces is killed by a falling column whilst the people screaming and shouting for aid, rush in wild confusion in every direction.

The subjoined piece was clipped from the Boston Herald of last week:

A SCENE IN A STATION HOUSE.

A pitiful sight was presented at station at 10 last night. An officer of that division found a woman wandering about the streets with her three children, the oldest being about 8 years of age and the youngest 2 years old. They were taken to the station house, where it was found that the woman was deaf and dumb. Her eldest son, however, was able to communicate with her, and brought him Sergeant Curry, ascertained that her name was Negress. Having lost her husband not long ago, she concluded to leave Madison, Wis., where they lived, and came to Boston, where a sister named Hattie Gaydon lives, hoping to find employment of some kind, and thus better her condition. The sister, she said, lived somewhere on the arrival of the train in this city, but for some reason was disappointed. The woman presented a neat appearance, and has evidently been careful of her children, who are bright and well appearing. Sergeant Curry, after learning the woman's story, made the little family as comfortable as the place would admit, and then took steps to find the sister.

Now that active work in the Ephphatha Club, the Seward Society and the Gallaudet Society, is being renewed, secretaries and all others are interested in the welfare of those organizations, will confer a favor by sending reports of special work and meetings of importance to your humble correspondent for publication.

At the regular meeting of the Ephphatha Club held last Monday evening, it was agreed to have a ball or all night entertainment in behalf of this club this winter, for which a Committee of Arrangements has been appointed, but the date of their entertainment was a question, owing to similar intentions of other societies. There will be a meeting of representatives, one from each (organized) society in this city, for the purpose of deciding upon dates of their respective entertainments, etc. The club is steadily increasing its membership, and will probably reach the 'century mark.'

The following is clipped from the Boston Herald of yesterday: 'Geo. E. Riley, a deaf-mute lad, 13 years old, was run over by a coal team, belonging to H. F. Matthews, on Appleton Street, last evening, and his right shoulder was fractured. Dr. J. F. Bush attended him.'

The meeting of the Executive Board of the Gallaudet Society was held last Wednesday evening, at the basement of the Good Shepherd, to arrange preliminaries for the October programme of lectures and literary exercises and other matters. The following notice has been decided upon:

October, 1888.—Messrs. Frisbee, Orcutt, Hargrave, Tufts (who were all connected with the National Deaf-Mute College) will alternately hold services every Sunday morning at 10:45, until further notice.

Mr. Robert Dockharty will lecture at 7:45 p.m., October 3d, after which the (quarterly) regular business meeting of the society will take place. Wednesday evenings, September 26th, October 10th, 24th and 31st, are assigned for social gatherings, in which the members may enjoy themselves with games, reading and social talk.

Literary exercises, Wednesday, October 17th, at 7:45. Essay by E. W. Frisbee, Negative, and A. W. Orcutt, Affirmative. Dialogue between Geo. C. Sawyer and Henry A. Acheson. Declaration by Miss Lottie Wise. Bible Class opens Sunday, October 7th, at 12 m. All interested in the promotion of Christian work are cordially invited to be present, whether they are members or not.

Mr. Amos Barton, of Maine, is the guest of Mr. Fred Stover in Faulkner, Mass., and made his appearance at the prayer meeting of the Gallaudet Society yesterday, under the kind guidance of Fred. Mr. Amos will leave Boston for Hartford to-night, where he will meet his friend, Mr. Sanders. After having visited the points of interest and the Hartford School Wednesday, they will go directly to the Kendall College, in time to resume studies. We wish them success in collegiate education.

Two weeks ago, last Saturday, the Faulkners defeated the Seabees, of Boston, at Faulkner, by a score of 19 to 9. Messrs. Stover, second base for the former nine, attracted the attention of the spectators by good batting, and Mr. Frisbee, short stop for the Faulkners (it was his first play for the past ten years), should not hug the ball so much. He could play a better game by playing off. At the request of Mr. Stover, he has been transferred from his club to the Maplewood nine last week.

Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes and little daughter are now visiting friends and relatives in Worcester.

Rev. Mr. Philo W. Packard, having returned from his two months' vacation in Centre Harbor, N. H., began to occupy his pulpit at the Salem Society on the second instant, and the old order of services was resumed

with meetings, Sunday afternoon, and a praise and prayer service on Friday evenings.

The Boston Herald says: "John Stetson has issued a challenge for a thousand dollar race between his famous steam yacht Sapphire and Millionaire Secomb's steam yacht Starling. The Starling was designed by John L. Frisbee, who also laid down its lines in the Navy Yard boat shop. On her trial trip the Starling made 15 knots, and is now capable of 16 and 17. The Sapphire is a Burgess design.

MAYFLOWER.

Oct. 17, 1888.

Western Kansas.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having resided here on the great plains for the past three years, I have come to the conclusion that the climate of this country is too dry for farming, though fall wheat yielded twenty or twenty-five bushels per acre, and corn about fifty bushels per acre in some places this year.

Some people think that farming will be in vogue in a few years, but the writer thinks that it will never be so with certainty of good crops, but that stock raising will do as long as this country is sparsely settled.

On learning that there were lots of plums about thirty-five miles south of this place, J. C. Hummer and family went after them, as well as to look over the great plains, very sparsely settled. Aided by a very few inquiries, they were enabled to go on the right road, and when about eight miles from the Smoky Hill River, they were amused at the sight of the grand scenery of this river, but there seemed to be a smoky appearance, thus accounting for the naming of this river. They were rewarded by their arrival at the right destination, where plums and grapes were had in abundance.

William A. Nelson, having proved up his claim, and removed to Salina, Kan., last winter, left the above in charge of J. C. Hummer for safe-keeping and use. He did right, as there are some buildings inhabited being robbed around, and some petty larceny begun undoubtedly by some starving or hard-up homesteaders. He is doing well there. He was once a student at Washington City. Mr. and Mrs. Kightlinger, a mute couple, are living on their claim, about ten miles north of here. They stick to the place, raising good crops, notwithstanding their advanced age. Their example is worthy of being followed.

J. C. Hummer continues following the business in cattle raising on his large ranch.

Hearing of a young preacher of a christian church being in the vicinity, preaching on the subject of baptism, advocating immersion and against pouring water on head, Mr. Hummer invited him and his wife to his residence for a visit and dinner, which they enjoyed to their hearts' content.

Now the mutes of the East and South are benefited by the visits of mute missionaries, while those in this great West are not. This should not be so. It is not so with the hearing people. Their missionaries go far into the sparsely settled districts, and preach, etc.

EX-TOWAN.

GRINNEL, KAN., Sept. 15, '88.

Fanwood.

The "Silentias" played their first fall game with the "Jaspers" of Manhattan College on Wednesday last. They tried to prove that they were equal, if not superior to the famed Jaspers, but the score (28 to 5) argued otherwise. Had not some of our best players been absent, it is very likely that the score would have been vastly different. Gately pitched a few innings, when Peter Mitchell went into the box. Turner did well for a first trial. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the game.

Misses Decker and Williams took a pleasant trip to Albany, last Friday, and returned on Monday. They called on their friend and schoolmate, Miss DeWillegar, and other deaf-mute friends.

Miss Mabella Fish celebrated the 18th anniversary of her birth on Wednesday of last week. All of the male members of the High Class offered her their congratulations. She was the recipient of many presents.

Mrs. Moore, wife of the celebrated semi-mute analytical chemist, treated all of the pupils with peaches, on the 12th inst.

John F. Partington, of Brooklyn, called here on Friday. He graduated from Fanwood nineteen years ago, and is a crackerman by vocation.

A number of officers and teachers expect to attend the Gallaudet Reception next Saturday, and if they have not before, they will form the acquaintance of Martenelli's Fifth Avenue eating rooms.

Among the victims of "Yellow Jack" at Jacksonville, Fla., is the brother of Miss Mary E. Montgomery of this place.

Chas. Keiserweter, one of our pupils, saw among the death list of the victims of Yellow Fever at Jacksonville, the name of his father. He has the sympathy of all here. His mother was also stricken but recovered.

Prof. Currier will teach the High Class this year.

AQUILA.

Wanted.

By a semi-mute young woman, a place to do general house work. Can do plain cooking, washing and ironing, for a family of three or four persons. Wages expected, \$10 or \$12 per month. Address: Semi-Mute, Care JOURNAL Office, Station M, New York City.

BUFFALO.

Our Great Fair.

SOME VISITORS.

Personals.

The two weeks just closed have been lively times for Buffalo. The International Fair has served to advertise the city and make us better known. We have heard some people speak in no very complimentary terms about the fair, saying it was not so big as advertised, but these very people were forced to admit the greatness and beauty of our fair city. Some such expressions as these being used. But what a beautiful city Buffalo is! Miles and miles of asphalt pavement as smooth as glass. Innumerable private residences, not amazingly costly and by no means ostentatious, but very tasteful.

Well-kept, unfenced lawns, almost everywhere in the residential districts, give each house an appearance of having spacious grounds, give to all an air of comfort, and impress visitors with the opinion that the community is highly civilized. Of course, we feel much flattered by all these fine compliments, but we suspect that they were given as taffy to allay our wounded feelings in regard to the poor reception the fair received in the minds of a few. But the more sensible people, who are not jealous of our rising greatness, give it as their opinion that the fair was eminently successful. They were much impressed with the horse and cattle exhibition and admired the good arrangement of the sheds, which are most undoubtedly built after plans by Mr. C. J. Hamlin, the wealthy and veteran horse-breeder of Erie Co. The Indian Department was very interesting, and great crowds were collected around this part of the building, as also were the machine, floral and poultry departments. But what interested us most was the art gallery.

Among a goodly number of really meritorious works was the famous painting "Christ before Pilate." Nearly every one praises the picture as a general, but few seem to like the expression and pose of the Christ. But we had been somewhat prepared by reading the criticisms in the press, and had decided to like the whole picture, which we did.

There has not, probably, been such a great bicycle display as was witnessed here during the fair at any other place. The racing was good, the number of participants was very, very many, and the prizes offered were simply princely.

Our own Jack Stout was there, too, in all the glory of his new suit. The papers all speak very highly of his riding, and to judge from the way the men rushed after him and patted him on the back, he was a very great pet with the boys.

A few days before the close of the fair, the State Democratic Convention was held here, and the streets were brilliantly illuminated during the evenings and presented a very beautiful sight. On one occasion, a procession of men in white flannel shirts and other political paraphernalia was passing down Main Street. The crowds in the street were at first under the impression that the procession was composed of democrats, and so a general shooting of fireworks and other demonstrations of good will, or whatever it may be, were made. Soon, however, a ripple of laughter spread through the crowds, when the *Prohibition* banners were noticed. No more demonstrations were made in their honor.

A very enjoyable little social was held at the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Carroll, on the evening of the 5th inst., in honor of Miss M. Rose Carroll, who was returning to school at the Mount St. Vincent's Academy in New York City. Among a good many others, we noticed Mr. and Mrs. John Conlon, Misses Hazard, Hastings, of Aurora, and Briel, and also Mr. Danser.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brookmire and two children were in Buffalo during the week to take in the sights. They are now in Toronto, Ontario, visiting their relatives. Their two little children are quite interesting, and every one fell in love with them.

Quite a respectable number from hereabouts attended the Rochester Convention. Among others who went were Messrs. Robert Watts and Louis Sulbach. But we are in doubt whether these two gentlemen enjoyed themselves. The former met with quite a mishap. He was returning to Buffalo after having made a visit to some of his friends, but unfortunately he got on the wrong train. Becoming excited, he jumped off the train while it was going at quite high speed, the result of which was a badly torn suit of clothes and an ugly cut on his right hand. He returned home a week later, to avoid questions being asked by his stern parents. The other gentleman returned home all right, but without the hat he wore when he left for the Flour City. It was blown off, while he was standing on the platform of a moving train.

Mr. George Klein evidently believes in the old saying, "Better late than never," for he did not go to Rochester till the day after the convention adjourned. This reminds us of a man we used to know who never went to the circus until the day after it left—to pick up any thing that might have been left behind.

Because of the excitement attending the fair, etc., no meeting of the Literary Society was held last Saturday. But if all goes well, a meeting will be held next Saturday, the 23d.

Mr. Wm. A. Calkins is starting a small job-printing office. We visited his office lately, but we failed to be impressed with it as a printing office. It looked more like a store-room for christmas toys. Little toy-monkeys, cats, dolls, clocks and a hundred and one nameless little playthings were scattered promiscuously in every direction. William is a favorite with the children.

Mr. John R. Newcomb, who has been working for Mr. Robert Watts, Sr., is now working in the Buffalo Flaming Mill, and is earning good wages.

NEANIAS.

September 17, 1888.

Her Compensation.

Out of the silence, Lord, I called to thee, Out of the silence which no noise, but Thine, Piercing the depth in Fatherhood divine, Can penetrate with joy's relief for me, Out of the silence, Lord, I called to thee.

Out of the silence, thou hast answered me: Softly thy peace descended on my soul, I felt the power of its strong control, Calm the unrest, which, like a raging sea, Surged thro' the wordless stillness over me.

And so I am content, since Thou art nigh, To sit in this great silence of Time; And watch the world in restless pantomime With listless feet unsoundly pass me by;— O Lord, I am content, since thou art nigh.

And well I know that, as I call to thee— Although no earthly voice can reach this sense—

When Death draws near, Oh wondrous recompense! Thy hand and voice divine shall comfort me, And my lost gift shall be restored by thee. —James Barry Hensel.

Serious Accident.

Mrs. Eliza Dennett, mother of John W. Page, of this city, met with a serious accident on Sunday noon, at the close of morning service at the church. She got into the carriage to be driven home, when the horse suddenly started up, breaking the transom pin and letting Mrs. Dennett to the ground with great force. The top of carriage also fell upon her. She was rendered nearly unconscious and was carried to the residence of David Webster near by, and Dr. F. S. Warren, of this city, was immediately summoned. She sustained a severe scalp wound and several bruises on various parts of her body. After recovering consciousness, she was carried to her home on Elm Street. Mrs. Dennett is inher eighty-eighth year. Considering her advanced age, it is doubtful if she recovers from the shock.

J. W. P.

BIDDEFORD, ME., Sept. 17, 1888.

WOODSTOWN, N. J.

James Toole, of Swedesboro, N. J., was in Woodstown, visiting the West Jersey Fair, last Thursday.

David D. Fogg, of Woodstown, N. J., has gone to Salem, N. J.

The writer spent Sunday in Salem, being a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Noble.

Rumor says that Miss Emma J. Hughes, of Swedesboro, N. J., has moved away from that place.

Mr. Joseph A. Turner, of Camden, N. J., why don't you come down to see me, as you told me last July that you would.

J. R. C.

NOTICE.

Residents of Newark, N. J., and Brooklyn, N. Y., are earnestly asked to attend service next Sunday, September 23d, at the following hours: 11 A.M., in Trinity Chapel, Newark.

4:30 P.M., in St. Mark's Parish House, Adelphi Street between Wiloughby and De Kalb Avenues, Brooklyn.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Sept. 23—Chicago, 10:30 A.M. The Holy Communion.

Sept. 23—Chicago, 2:30 P.M. Evening prayer and sermon.

Sept. 23—Chicago, 7:

The Gallaudet Home Notes.

Our first visitor this season, was a gentleman well known in New York silent society.

Mrs. George G. Pryor, of the village, and a lady friend called one day in July.

Eddie Palm went down to Brooklyn, Wednesday morning, the 22d ult., to spend a few weeks with his relatives. He intended to go to Port Jefferson, L. I., to see Mr. W. F. Howell, an old school chum.

Mrs. Kipp and the writer witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the Fanwood School in November, 1853, at which time they were pupils of the 50th Street Institution, and remained a few years at the new one.

Manager Thomson's big Newfoundland dog has been sold.

Two brothers of Edwin Hatch surprised him with a call not very long ago.

Mrs. C. M. Nelson was at the home, Thursday, the 30th of last month, and stayed over night. She returned to Poughkeepsie, the Saturday before, from a delightful sojourn in Rome and in Utica.

Rev. A. T. Colt held two services in the chapel, Sunday, the 2d inst. He was driven to Fishkill the next morning, where, after transacting some business, he took a train for home.

One of the female inmates is familiar with the mysteries of type-setting, she having worked at the case ten years.

Three of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's children have been passing the summer among the green mountains of Vermont, and they will not be back to their city home until the middle of this fall.

Luke C. Lancaster, who has been here a year, has gone to Newburgh. He left of his own accord, and was honorably dismissed.

Sunday, a week ago, a bat was seen flying about in the women's sitting room and took refuge in another apartment, where he got caught.

About five o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, the 4th inst., the rumbling of carriage wheels down the road towards the house announced the arrival of Mrs. Hattie Bailey, for we had been apprised of her coming, and she received a glad welcome from us all.

The collection of books belonging to the late Mr. William A. Bond, kindly presented to the Home by his widow, is gratefully acknowledged. These volumes are an addition to the men's library.

Manager Thomson is confined to his room with a sprained ankle. While he was in Poughkeepsie a short time ago, he slipped and fell on his back on the broken pavement, and that is what caused the mishap. A friend was with him and drove him home.

Eight lady managers were here Thursday afternoon last. At the same time, four visitors dropped in, one of them was a deaf-mute lady, Miss Hannah Thurston, a former classmate of Hattie Haws, who was admitted an inmate last May.

Misses Hattie and Libbie Poland, now of Saugerties, N. Y., were in Poughkeepsie lately.

LOUISE.

It is an ill wind that blows no body good.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—You must have in your long career among the mutes, observed that they, on the average, have a tendency to "run down," in their talk, any enterprise of their fellow mutes, no matter how laudable that enterprise may be. Of course, I do not deny that there are many exceptions to this rule and I am glad there are not a few, and I know that they, like me, feel sorry that the mischief does not end here, but is extended in newspaper correspondence. There may be many reading this piece, who know where my feelings go; there are a good many in almost the same situation as myself, though they may show a more sordid difference. I will not dwell on my enterprise of six or seven years ago. I tried my best to keep it afloat, and made as much out of it as has ever been made out of an independent mute newspaper enterprise in the same time.

I expected enthusiastic support, when I started; I was much wiser when the business closed; and I naturally concluded that if I were to look to the mute population of the country for a business of any kind, I would not succeed—a hearing man might succeed there, but a mute, never.

I next calculated my chances among hearing people. My idea that they have a good deal of generous sympathy for all in my position, has been realized to more or less extent, i.e., as long as you do not compete with them in any line of business. When I measured my strength against the cold wall of competition, among hearing people, I found that, on account of that very sympathy, I was hated worse by some people than an ordinary hearing man would be. Here was the dilemma. What better could I do than choose some business that would not cater to my own class of humanity or compete with our more fortunate brethren. I chose what many would consider the worse of the three ways open, when one thinks of the dangers to life and limb attendant upon mining for precious metals. I have not had anybody's money but my own invested in mining; I have never sold a mine; I have been laid up six months, and was helpless for over a year on account of one accident. That is what I call risking life and limb. I have stood the rigors of winters at the elevations of perpetual snow; slowly, oh! slowly, has my work progressed, little by little have I added to the indestructible wealth of the country (gold and silver), and

after this, if my mine is a failure why not give me credit for preventing some other fool from coming along and wasting his time and money, only to find out that such is the case? No, not even the devil can have his due!

However, after I have secured an undisputed title to, and opened up a paying mine, erected machinery thereon, and accumulated a bank account therefrom and enough to buy a home, I can well afford to pay no attention to what "Napoleon" (a great name, that, for a tramp printer and shoe blacking vender) chooses to publish about me and my affairs.

Well, Mr. Editor, this would be quite amusing under other circumstances. My mine has always been open to inspection of responsible people, and I have no apprehension from that source; in fact, I have no apprehension whatever from what can be said or written about the mine, but it does not follow that I am entirely indifferent to the impression such effort as "Napoleon's" tends to create among people with whom I have the most natural sympathy, whose friendship I would enjoy, and whom I would like to befriend.

JOHN C. SIMMONS.
CONNEMARA MINE, CLEAR CREEK COUNTY, COLO., Sept. 10, 1888.

MR. REYNOLDS' REJOINDER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In your last issue, Mr. Fort Lewis Selinay, in his official capacity as President of the Empire State Association, condescends to dismount from his high horse to say "that after I had acknowledged the good done at the Albany re-union in 1885, in securing mutes fair play in the Civil Service of the country," etc., and "had philosophized upon the lack of unity among the deaf," winds up by telling me what I should have done.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my noble friend, for your information; but judging therefrom your imagination has got the better of your wits. Mr. Selinay seems to have jumped to conclusions, after a hasty glance at the article which appeared in the JOURNAL of August 20th, and rushed into print half-cooked, thereby making himself ridiculous and an enlargement of his hat a necessity. As for "acknowledging the good done at Albany," that is something I did not do, for the very simple reason that no good was done by that reunion. Many mutes, who were at that gathering, have told me as much, and judging by the muddle caused by it, the Civil Service amendment for one thing, they are right.

It is true that the resolutions passed by the Albany reunion, are said to have been the cause of an amendment to the Civil Service laws which has done away with the restriction imposed upon the deaf, and allowed them to compete, in public examination, for office under the Federal government, and it is also true that the so-called amendment was made in such a way that it could be interpreted to mean almost anything under the sun and consequently the law was easily evaded by the examiners. If Mr. Selinay refers to that sort of business as some of the "good" done at Albany, he is at liberty to make the most of it.

If such shining lights of notedom as Mr. Selinay had kept their eyes opened, such an amendment to the Civil Service laws as that made, which seemingly grants much, but which virtually debars mutes of all chance of successful competition for any office whatever under the government would never have been passed. Mr. Selinay also remarks that "if the allegations were found to exist," "the powerful machinery of the Empire State Association, would have been utilized to investigate the matter." Hoity toity, you don't say so. For how long has the Empire State Association been a powerful machine? and pray, who is it chief engineer? The discrimination, which was mentioned in my last letter, does exist. This I have from those who were deprived of their right, and also from one of the most intelligent mutes in this State, who stands high in the estimation of his fellows and oral friends of the deaf.

In conclusion, Mr. Selinay is here informed that his domineering propensity has no effect whatever in deterring the writer from doing what he considers his duty, in making known to the class the wrong done them under the existing Civil Service rules, and in seeking a way to correct the evil. The President of the Empire State Association, with the powerful machinery of that organization, including its "new plan," is invited to help the matter along.

GEORGE L. REYNOLDS.
BROOKLYN, Sept. 15, 1888.

Fishes in an Aquarium.

In a store where birds, fishes and animals are sold I watched an attendant putting together the material for a small aquarium. "Is it not great trouble to keep the fishes alive?" I asked. "You must change the water daily, must you not?" "Not more than once a year," was his reply. "That was the old fashioned aquarium before the scientists had discovered for us the oxygen producing plants. You see that bit of plant under the rocks there? Well, that is oxygen producing. We put it in with the fishes, where it serves at once as an ornament and a life giver and preserver. This aquarium that I am now finishing will not require a change of water for at least eighteen months. Then by changing the water it will go another year or year and a half.—New York Tribune.

OUR EXPRESS SYSTEM.

MARVELOUS PERFECTION OF OUR PUBLIC CARRYING SERVICE—PRIMITIVE METHODS OF EARLY DAYS—WONDERFUL PROMPTNESS AND Celerity OF THE SYSTEM OF TO-DAY—A FREQUENT CAUSE OF MISTAKES—THE "OLD HOSS" ROOM.

Next to the mystery of the post-office, with its thousands, and even millions, of letters, crossing and recrossing each other's paths daily, coming from everywhere and going everywhere else, with comparatively few miscarriages, the great express system in the modern public carrying service are equally a matter of marvel to casual observers. In primitive days, when Keziah Root passed the door on regular days of the week in his farm wagon on the way to market, and was the common carrier for everything "goin' to town," it was not hard to understand how the knibbed socks reached Uncle Ben "in the first white house with a red barn beyond the orthodox meetin' house at the corners," or how Aunt Tabby got her pail of butter, for Farmer Root was explicitly directed to "go down the main road" on his way from Market, "and turn in the lane next to Sophrony Thomas, who was Sophrony Pearce, old Deacon Pearce's daughter, whose barn in the meadow was burned last year and lost all his pigs, and then 'twould be the small white house with the cobbling shop in front."

Later, as the world grew and modern business methods arose with the increase of trade, the problem of sending packages, whether of merchandise or private goods, was still comparatively simple, for the driver of the express, who took the parcels at the door, was in the majority of cases the same who delivered them at their several destinations. Even after the railroads were invented and put into common use, during the first few years the express service did not form any great system. Now, however, with the greatest business centers of the world within the country, and with these centers intimately connected with each other by innumerable ties, public and private, commercial and social, the interchange of goods and packages has reached an enormous extent, which is not found anywhere else in the world. In no other country is such a marvelous amount of business done nor such a perfect running service found. And it is this promptness and celerity of dispatch, considered with the number of pieces handled and the confusing variety of destinations, which makes the wonder of it.

A man is relieved of all care in sending parcels. It is as easy to send a package to a friend in Arizona or a great box of dry goods to a merchant in New Orleans as to send a letter to either party. All that is necessary after the parcel is arranged is to know the address of the party to whom one is sending the parcel. Instead of getting a postage stamp one simply hangs out a flag. There the consignor's labor ends. The express company's carrier appears, takes the parcel in hand, gives a receipt for it, which represents it in value, and the company thereupon takes full charge of it until it reaches its destination, or until it is handed over, at the end of that particular company's limit, into the hands of some corresponding company, which amounts to the same thing as far as the sender is concerned. One does not need to know anything about the location in the city if the address is given, nor take the trouble to find out how to get to the city, whether it is in Maine or New Mexico. The express people do all that for him.

One of the most frequent causes of mistakes in sending parcels is absent-mindedness. A clerk will fill out a way bill from a box marked for Portland, putting in the name and address all right, and then, with the name Portland before his eyes, write New York on the bill. The New York messenger, in the haste of pressing business, simply counts the way bills, sees that he has the seventeen or twenty pieces marked New York, and sends them on. The mistake is not found out until the delivery marking takes place in New York. The same absent way of writing what one does not think occurs with the consignors themselves. Very often they send a box to a friend on Fifth avenue, New York, whose name and number they know intimately, with an address to some small town in Massachusetts. Another cause for a great deal of confusion is the old markings on dry-goods boxes which have been used before. Jordan & Marsh, or any similar large firm, will sell some of the packing cases in which goods come to them. When the boxes are again used, the address to Jordan & Marsh, Boston, is left upon the side. The new address is put upon the top, indicating, we will say, some one in Pawtucket, R. I. Somewhere along the line, in looking over the stock, the messenger picks out all that which is going to Boston, among which he takes the box with the name of Jordan & Marsh upon it. Then confusion arises, indeed.

There is a curious feature in connection with these losses which is known in every express office as the "old hoss" room. This is the room which holds all of the unclaimed wanderers, the tagless waifs and ragged outcasts who are awaiting an owner. They are goods "on hand," and the letters "O. H." on the slips which are attached to them gave rise to the equine appellation. These stray parcels get into the "old hoss" rooms from almost as many causes as there are startling varieties to their charac-

tor. The consignee couldn't be found, and the consignee, although duly notified, has never cared to reclaim. One firm has sent goods to some person at his own order. He returns them with some complaint. The firm will not admit the complaint and send them back with a very pressing bill, or else to avoid being held for receiving them back at all, they will not touch them, but leave them in the store room of the express office.

As neither party will have them, they naturally go to the dead room. Some are absolutely lost. No one of the name indicated can be found at the address given, and for some reason all trace of the consignor disappears. He has moved, or died, perhaps. So they all drift into the "old hoss," and are kept a year—unless of a perishable nature—and then sold at auction. The variety of these waifs is both interesting and amusing. There is hardly anything in the domestic dictionary omitted, from packages of hair pins and sewing machines, laces, silks and jewelry to cooking stoves, guns, fishing tackle, pails of tobacco and empty beer bottles. A large general store could not do better than to buy the whole stock at whatever lump price could buy them in, for almost every conceivable thing which could be asked for by rational beings is there.—Boston Herald.

Exhibited Ocular Evidence.

Pension commissioner—You say you were literally pierced with bullets. I don't see how it was possible for you to survive the riddling. Have you any witness who can certify to the exact number of bullets that entered your body?

Applicant—Yes, sir; after the battle, the chest protector which I had worn was in this terrible convincing condition. (And he exhibited a well worn porous plaster amid exciting silence.)—Judge.

Montenegro's Only Vocation.

Walter Baring, British agent at Cetinje, Montenegro, reports that there is only one road fit for a wagon in the whole country, and that there is practically no industry. Montenegro is scornful any pursuit but that of arms. All the tailors, painters, carpenters, masons, and other artisans, are foreigners, and all goods except those which are the direct product of agriculture are imported, and are of the commonest description, except the green and white cloth used for men's coats.—New York Sun.

White and Gold.

The charm in the combination white and gold may be realized from a window decoration by a prominent jeweller. The back of the window is draped in white and its floor is covered with white. Against this pure setting are placed all kinds of delicate jewels in gilt and amber. Clocks, necklaces, pins, and many other handsome articles, acquire an added beauty from their dazzling background.—Chicago Herald.

Mission of the Infant Saviour.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please announce that any one wishing to see me will find me at No. 106 West 59th St., and no longer at 235 East 14th St. The office will take place at the usual hour, on Sunday, in my present residence, but only for male deaf-mutes, the females having their service at the usual place and time. And oblige,

Very truly yours,
ALF. BELANGER.

100 AGENTS WANTED.

Price 25 Cents.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE REV.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet,
the first great Educator of the Deaf in America

Prepared on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration, December, 1887.
A. M. D., published by the American Association of the Gallaudet Centennial Commemoration, December, 1887, by

REV. HENRY W. SYLLE, M. A.,

With numerous illustrations engraved by WM. F. CULLINGWORTH—32 pages—36 engravings.
This is not a reprint of the "Retrospect," but an entirely new work, written expressly for the occasion.

The illustrations are an attractive and valuable feature. Several of them are from photographs taken expressly for this work and representing subjects never before published. These are marked with "in the following":

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

As Frontispiece there is a very large and fine portrait of Dr. Gallaudet, with autograph. Others are Mrs. Sophia F. Gallaudet, "Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, D.D.," "President Edward Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D.," "Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, M.D.," "Two portraits," "Alice Cogswell, Mrs. L. H. Signoriny," "The Abbe de l'Épée," "The Abbe Sicard," "Jean Massieu," "Laurent Clerc," (the four last from old French portraits), "Lewis Wald," "Harvey P. Post, LL.D.," "David E. Bartlett," "Rev. William W. Turner, Ph.D.," "Samuel Porter.

VIEWS.

"The House in Prospect Street, Hartford, occupied as the first school for the deaf, 1817, American Asylum, Hartford, in 1821 and 1857," "Paris Institution, from an original painting lent by Rev. Dr. Clerc, St. Ann's Church, New York," "Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes," "Columbia Institution, 1887," "The Kendall Cottage," "Chapel of National Deaf-Mute College, interior view," "Silver Fletcher and Salter presented to Dr. Gallaudet by the Deaf, Monuments to Gallaudet and Clerc, Bas-relief on Gallaudet monument.

W. R. CULLINGWORTH,
721 Preston Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, Pres't; Jacob Swartz, First Vice-President; Alex. Baccalieu, 2d Vice-President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minihan, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, W. A. Bond, No. 158 Coneslyna Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Moses I. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A. M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday of each month, at 8 P. M. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 223 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in St. Paul's Parish house, entrance on Jay Street. Its officers are: President, Henry J. McCoy; Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Philip Sharkey; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, M. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, C. E. Mull. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, whose address is 235 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while its business on the Thursday of each month.

ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the mental and social improvement of its members. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 102 West 5th Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 P. M. Visitors can be invited by members. The President is Arthur Remick, and Mr. Chas. Thomas, Secretary, 404 Seymour St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERG LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The Clerg Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the lecture room of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth Street, above Madison Avenue. Lectures are given every evening, except 2nd and Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are reserved for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Washington Houston is President, James S. Reider, Secretary, 1508 Summer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY.

The purpose of the Society is principally of a social improvement, and to keep the needy in our class. The officers' special meeting holds every fortnight, and the members' meeting comes every month at Alpha Hall, No. 18 Essex Street, until further notice. The officers are as follows: President, Miss Frank C. Davis; Vice-President, Miss Ruth G. Peterson; Secretary, Mrs. George A. Holmes; Treasurer, Mr. Frank W. Bigelow; Executive Committee, Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, Mrs. Wm. Lynde. For information and communication, address to the Secretary, Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, Rockland Street, Brighton, Mass.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse, the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the President is Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Samuel Frankenstein, 531 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

DE L'ÉPÉE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton Street, or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

EASTON ASSOCIATION.

Meets every Thursday evening at 230 North Third Street, below Bushkill Street, at 7:30 P. M. Its object is of a diversified character and covers a wide scope. Visitors are always cordially welcomed. Elam Will, President, 305 Ferry Street; C. Delory, Vice-President; Samuel Price, Treasurer; Alex. P. Pack, Secretary. Address to the Secretary, Third Street, Easton, Pa. Residence, United States Hotel.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Society") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortez St., Boston, every Sunday, at 10:45 A. M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's clergymen appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome. Literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1888 are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Robert Dockharty, Vice-President; A. W. Orent, Secretary; E. Duran, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave, Librarian.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral and social welfare of the community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almon Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

HOBOKEN DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The object of the above organization is to promote the Social intercourse of its members. Only deaf-mutes of Hudson County can become members. For the present, the members meet at 147 Washington St. All communications should be addressed to Anthony Capelli, 102 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago Deaf-Mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and their friends. Its motto is, "Pas-a-Pas—step by step." The officers are: C. G. Collins, President; J. K. Watson, Vice-President; J. J. Kleinhaus, Secretary; and C. L. Buchanan, Treasurer. Secretary's address is 853 N. Clark St.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at 919 Olive Street, Room 12, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Stafford; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Perlmuter; Trustees, George T. Dougherty and A. Merrell. Secretary's address is No. 901 Bidle Street.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to any time by applying to the Secretary, 3020 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE EPHPHATHA CLUB, OF BOSTON.

The Ephphatha Club was organized in October, 1886. Its object is to promote social relations of its members. Its regular meeting for the election of officers take place the first Monday of every January. Gentlemen can be admitted to the club as members at any time by applying to the Secretary. Visitors, outside of fifteen miles radius of Boston, can be admitted to the club room, at any time, by applying to the President, or to any friend, who is a member. Its officers are as follows: President, Wallace H. Krause; Vice-President, Edward Duran; Secretary, George C. Sawyer; Treasurer, W. T. Carter; Librarian, James Hadley. Executive Committee, John J. McNeil, John Magee and Charles A. Douglas. Secretary's address is Ephphatha Club, 18 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P. M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every other Saturday evening. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Brown, Treasurer; H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild room every Sunday at 8 o'clock P. M., under the leadership of the Secretary. The society also has a class in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N. Y.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by Wm. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, 181 Fort Hill Square, Boston, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairman, for Connecticut, and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rectory, No. 10, in the Rectory Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, Charles L. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Jastram. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and public meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1888 are: Harry J. Chapman, President; Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, Secretary; Henry A. Chapman, Treasurer; and Samuel Hamilton, and George Strout, Directors.

THE SICARD CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. The members meet in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 4 o'clock P. M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the De l'Épée Club, has the same rules, and gives the same advantages. All welcome. Communications should be addressed to Mr. J. J. McNeil, President, 370 Elm, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

THE BAY STATE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to the welfare of the deaf-mute. The officers are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

JAS. M. MEADE.

MEADE & CO.'S
SHOE STORE,
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We make a specialty of solid, durable shoes. All goods warranted as represented, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Men's Veal of Lace, Button and Congress in every style, \$2.00.

—CALF SEAMLESS—

\$2.50.

Equal to any \$3.00 Shoe Made.

We keep an excellent line of Boys', Youths' and Children's shoes at prices to suit all. Would be pleased to see our deaf-mute friends, and will give them special attention.

27-3mo.

TOUSLEY SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Tousley Society meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., at 70 East Seventh Street. Its object is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: Matthew McCook, President; J. C. Austin, Vice-President; J. F. Riley, Secretary; Fred Brant, Treasurer. Business meetings or lectures and story telling, may be held on any week evening by a vote. Strange deaf-mutes of good habits in general are cordially invited to make themselves at home. The Secretary's address is 20 Fillmore Ave., West St. Paul, Minn.

THE KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Kansas City Deaf-Mute Literary and Debating Society hold their meetings every second Saturday, at residences of its members. The object of the society is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: John R. Laughlin, President; Edward Paxton, Vice-President; Mrs. Annie Greeley, second Vice-President; Joseph A. Markbury, Treasurer; Peter McCook, Secretary. All strangers of good behavior are invited to attend. Address all communications to John R